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# A NUMBER OF THINGS

BY  
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To  
my wife  
ENID PUTNAM MATHERLY  
whose love has  
enriched my  
life



## FOREWORD

If I had the naming of this book I should call it "Humor, Economics and Common Sense." I cordially recommend it to those who agree with me that truth is more palatable when it is spiced with wit.

The acid test of literary merit is our feeling when we have read to the end of what the author has written.

If we find ourselves disposed to reread it or pass it on to our friends then it is worth while.

I have read all these essays twice, I have been glad to recommend them to several friends and I have asked permission to print "The Why of Tobacco" in my paper.

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## A NUMBER OF THINGS



# A Number of Things

## CHAPTER I

### THE IDLERS OF THE SPECIES

**T**HERE is a superabundance of idlers in the world. They are found in every sphere of human society. They exist in high places as well as in low places. They flourish in restricted residential districts as well as in tenement districts. They pester rural communities as well as urban communities. They ride in limousines as well as in box cars and "blind baggages." They infest governments as well as industries. They afflict the body intellectual as well as the body physical. They are represented by females as well as by males. In short, the idlers of the species are not confined to any one class, family, condition, or stratum of society, nor limited to any one community; but are rather scattered broadcast in big handfuls throughout the whole social kingdom.

The idlers of the species are of unholy origin. They came forth from the womb of indolence. They were conceived in the iniquity of laziness and brought forth in the bonds of idleness. They

"started life by restin' and stayed restin' ever since." Their creators were the immortal gods of ease, and to such deities they have always paid the strictest homage and praise. Their advent into the world marked the beginning of a leisure class, and since then such a class has always imposed itself upon mankind, maintained itself with the utmost care and energy, and stood unequivocally opposed to all doctrines except the doctrine of sitting still.

The supreme purpose of the idlers of the species is to evade work. Ease, not labor, is their all-important objective. Toil is about as attractive to them as an anthem would be to a jazz orchestra. They have about as much interest in industrial activities as a monkey would have in the movements of the planets. They have about as much desire to apply themselves diligently as a balky mule would have to pull a ton of brick. Their one great consuming desire is to dodge all expenditures of energy, slide by all demands for services, and do nothing, absolutely nothing.

The idlers of the species are of many varieties and flavors. Foremost among them are the idlers known as vagrants. Every city is troubled with them, plenty of them. They hang around on street corners, loaf wherever loafing is good, and eschew all occupations in general. While there are laws against vagrancy, little of any great importance is

ever done to enforce such laws and thereby eliminate these worthless insects or put them to useful purposes. An employer has about as much chance to employ them as he would have to employ kings and queens, or society belles and "lounge lizards." They are just idlers, transcendent idlers, and without doubt will always be idlers.

In close relation to vagrants there are idlers known as hoboes. While intimate connections exist between the two classes, hoboes are somewhat different in texture from vagrants. Vagrants are usually tied to immediate, definite localities, while hoboes roam the wide, wide world. Vagrants are provincials, while hoboes are cosmopolitans. More or less unlike the vagrants, hoboes are made up of the tramps, the wanderers, the invincible knights of the road, the true sons of rest. They live not by the sweat of their brows but by handouts from back doors. They sleep not under roofs but under the skies. They dress not in clothes of the latest cut but in rags, filthy rags. They sow not, neither do they reap nor spin, nor gather into barns. They take what comes, be it much or little, without frets or cares. In a word, they are the idlers par excellence.

In addition to vagrants and hoboes there are idlers in the form of the "idle rich." Usually they live off the inherited wealth or wealth which they

have done little to create. In some cases they make a fortune by their own wits, retire, and then kill themselves either in consuming it or trying to endure luxurious ease. To ward off ennui they chase from pleasure resort to pleasure resort. They engage in all kinds of sports from horse-racing and golf playing to cock-fighting and crap-shooting. One of their chief delights is to employ famous chefs and become experts in judging palatable foods. Their all-absorbing *raison d'être* is to dress and undress, attend dinners, theatres and dances, entertain the elite, gush over nothing, sleep a few hours each day, and acquire what they deem the choicest bits of culture and refinement. They are the idlers plutocratic, and as such are abominations of the nth magnitude.

Just as there are idlers in the form of the idle rich, so also are there idlers in the shape of women who exist purely for the sake of dress, show and ornamentation. They add little to the world's production. They draw their sustenance from the men upon whom they economically depend without yielding anything in return. If plenty of servants are available, they sometimes get up enough "pep" to manage households. Ordinarily, however, they oppose all domesticity. Children have no place, play or part in their lives. Child-bearing involves pain, and children are nuisances anyway. Their

sole mission is not to replenish the earth with their progeny but to flit like butterflies along the social highway. Their best thought is given not to things useful but to the anticipated display they will make in competition with each other at social festivities. That they spend on the average three or four times as much on personal adornment as men worries them naught. Nothing must come between them and their sublime round of pleasure. Magnificent indeed are the daughters of indolence who afflict the abode of man.

The female idlers however do not by any means exhaust the enormous supply of idlers. There are also idlers in politics. They consume with greediness but do not correspondingly produce. They feed, not on the fruits of honest toil, but on the bountiful crumbs which fall from the tables of successful candidates. Generally they adhere strictly to no party. Their support goes to those who will promise them the greatest booty. Their ideal, if they are capable of having an ideal, is public spoils, not public welfare. They are most pleased when they can get their long fingers into the public purse. In their every action they pervert the principles of democracy. They stand like a stone wall in the way of all social reform. They perform no useful function in the political mechanism. They are about as necessary to good government as a

bent penny would be to a multi-millionaire. They are about as indispensable to the successful operation of organized power as a garden hose would be to the Sahara Desert. Without question they are the worst reprobates to whom the whole philosophy of laziness has given birth.

Even the idlers in the kingdom of politics do not exhaust the enormous supply of idlers. To them must be added the intermittent idlers. The intermittent idlers are made up of the casual workers of the world. They are divided into two classes. In the first place, there are those who are just as lazy as they dare to be. They work one day and loaf the next. They labor with zest for a little while and then live up, without taking thought for the morrow, that which they have earned. They are irregular in connecting themselves with jobs, and when connections are established, they sever them on the slightest provocation. They are much hired and either much fired or else they just voluntarily lose their grip on the positions they hold and choose to depart in peace. They are fundamental factors in the turnover of factory labor. Above all they are everlasting opponents to the regularization of employment.

In the second place there are those who are forced into intermittent idleness. The occupations or trades in which they are engaged are seasonal.

Their employment does not run throughout the year. On account of the nature of the industry their jobs last for only a few short months. Laborers in canning factories, for instance, through no fault of their own, are out of work about nine months out of each year, and unless they are assimilated into some other industry they are compelled to remain idle. But whether forced intermittent idlers or just plain voluntary intermittent idlers, they are all idlers and idlers are always economic losses.

Finally, there are intellectual idlers in the make-up of the congested lazy population of the earth. Unlike their counterparts in other realms, the intellectual idlers are harrassed with indolence of mind. Their chief ailment is not physical inertia as is the case of most of their compeers, but rather, mental inertia. They are absolutely too trifling to think. They refuse to put themselves to the trouble of using their brains. They divest themselves of all the processes of cerebation, simply because it requires effort to intellectualize. Instead of reasoning straight or thinking things out to their logical conclusions, they take the line of least resistance and order all their ideas ready-made. The incurable disease with which they are afflicted is not laziness of body but laziness of intellect. Perhaps after all, the laziness of brain with which

they are obsessed is the grossest sort of laziness to which mortals have fallen heir.

The idlers of the species, then, are of many colors. They are composed of vagrants, hoboes, plutocratic abstainers from toil, and female exponents of the gospel of indolence. They are made up of crooked politicians, spasmodic or intermittent loafers and intellectual shirkers. With the exception of some of the spasmodic or intermittent loafers who are forced into idleness, all of them, of whatever rank or previous condition of servitude, have a profound aversion to toil. They unconditionally refuse to add their quota to the services of the world. They are social parasites of the highest degree. They are public nuisances of the worst order. Anything that can be done to eradicate them, kill them off, or prevent them from perpetuating themselves will be a step forward, will effect great economic and social saving, and will confer a mighty blessing upon mankind.

## CHAPTER II

### THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF EATS

**E**VERY man is pestered with a desire for food. Peculiar as it may seem, it is impossible to maintain life without something to eat. Nourishment is essential to every living organism. Without the replenishment of tissue, life ceases to exist. Unless the stomach is filled at regular intervals, the body deteriorates and fails to function. Nature abhors vacuums in the alimentary tract as well as vacuums in other places. The world's destiny depends upon the successful workings of the digestive mechanism. The supreme mission of civilization is to keep the digestive machine in running order and efficiency.

The whole history of mankind is mainly the history of food-getting or stomach-filling. The first activities of man were activities that had to do with sustaining life. The first inventions were the inventions of crude instruments to aid in the hunt and chase, the object of which was not primarily for pleasure but for procuring the means with which to allay thirty feet of alimentary yearnings. The first flocks were tended and the first lands

cultivated not for financial profits but for meeting survival needs more easily and economically. The first caravans were started, the first ships were built, the first railways were constructed, not solely for exploration and adventure, but for connecting isolated peoples with the food centers of the world.

Nor is this all. The first bake-shops, elevators, and cold storage houses were erected, not for the sake of architecture but for the sake of preserving food supplies from the ravages of time. The first civilizations were begun, not in lands of tropical abundance but in lands of scarcity where men were compelled to struggle, to save, and often to import from without in order to survive and keep the stomach in action. Thus, throughout all history food-getting and stomach-filling have been the more or less fundamental underlying motives or stimulants to all civilized achievement.

Upon this food-getting or stomach-filling instinct, or upon this ever-present desire to eat, to consume, to devour, the perpetuation of the race depends. Without a perpetual food supply the human species would become extinct. This food supply can be produced, however, only year by year. As a result the whole world at any one time is only twelve months away from starvation and extinction; and were there a world crop failure in

any single year, the earth would become a chaos.

In a worse plight are great cities. It has been estimated that they are only one week away from famine and destruction; and were all connections cut off from the outside for seven days they would become silent cities of the dead. Still more precarious is the condition of millions of the lowest paid wage earners. They are only one day away from hunger and ruin; and when they face unemployment even for twenty-four hours they stand upon the brink of utter distress and annihilation. The eating instinct, therefore, is the basis of all race perpetuation and is the ultimate cause of all economic activities.

The whole economic world exists largely because the stomach exists. For the stomach's sake large capital investments are made in factories, machinery and transportation facilities. For the stomach's sake farmers purchase expensive farm implements, cultivate thousands of acres of land, and toil without ceasing. For the stomach's sake truck gardens are planted, orchards are set out and tropical fruits are imported. For the stomach's sake peanut, popcorn and fruit venders push their carts along streets. For the stomach's sake chefs and waiters are born. For the stomach's sake an elaborate system of table manners has been evolved. For the stomach's sake the science of dietetics

has been instituted. For the stomach's sake even wine is biblically justifiable. Without the stomach the whole economic structure would crumble.

The stomach is indeed the center of the whole economic system. It has only one reason for being. It exists solely and supremely as a receptacle for foods,—as a storage center from which the first steps in nutritive distribution take place. It is a sensitive brute and often refuses to receive just anything that comes. It reserves the right to exercise the power of selection. It sometimes even resorts to the process of elimination. In some persons it will entertain and dispose of any animal or vegetable product: in others it will utilize only the rarest and the choicest. At times it must even be coaxed. If it is in a healthy condition, however, it is always ready for the reception of visitors; and if none come voluntarily it makes regular calls during the day on its own initiative. It just naturally attracts food particles as a magnet attracts iron filings. Its sole purpose for inflicting itself upon man is to serve as a clearing house for palatable economic products.

Eats toward which the stomach instinctively gravitates are of various kinds and flavors. There are good eats and bad eats, digestible eats and indigestible eats, vegetable eats and animal eats, army eats and civilian eats, free eats like free

goods and economic eats like economic goods. There are eats like fresh ripe strawberries, which produce physiological reactions in the mouth commonly known as "mouth waterings." There are eats like venison which arouse uncontrollable desires to procure them even though the attendant burdens upon one's treasury may lead to bankruptcy. There are eats like plain meat and bread, the lack of which leads to social eruptions and revolutions, and to the spread of bolshevism. There are eats like sea foods and foods from distant lands, the production and transportation of which involve the loss of life, liberty, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness. Eats, produced under whatever circumstances and stirring up whatever abdominal emotions, are as numerous and of as many varieties as the forms of life found in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Eats, though extended to man in a multitude of forms and absolutely essential to the welfare of body, mind and soul, are often productive of internal disturbances. They cause serious upheavals in the process of distribution or alimentation. Such disorganizations are due largely to too much food. Too much is in many instances worse than too little. Gluts here are just as disastrous as gluts in the marts of trade. Few there are who have learned this and as a consequence eat temperately.

Most people overload their assimilative machinery. They forget that when teamsters overload there is usually a breakdown. They fret constantly about indigestion and yet they continue to crowd their digestive tracts like street cars in rush hours, with meats, desserts, lobster salads, oysters on the half shell, roast ducks ad nauseum. There is little wonder at their illness. A man's apparatus for assimilation is not made of steel plate. It is not built like a super-dreadnought. It can function properly only when treated with respect and decency. Only when overfeeding is stopped will Mexican revolutions in the abdominal cavity end.

In antithesis to over-feeding there is under-feeding. In sociological parlance this is known as under-nourishment or malnutrition. In the slums and among the lowest classes of wage earners there are thousands of cases where children are stunted in growth, warped in mind and permanently disabled, simply because in a land of plenty they were forced to go hungry. Mothers at times have had little upon which to subsist and rear their progeny. In periods of business depression strong men of honesty and sobriety have often cried for bread.

All of this misery exists simply because the abundance of food which the earth produces is

poorly distributed. There is too much over-feeding and waste. If none were over-fed none would be under-fed. Eats there are for all, but through a rotten system of distribution the submerged classes often fail to get even the barest means of subsistence. Imperative indeed is the demand for the solution of the problem of malnutrition.

If both the over-feds and the under-feds are to be eliminated, more attention must be given to the economical consumption of wealth. The principles of dietetics must be allowed to accomplish their purpose. The balanced ration must be the nutritive standard to which all must conform. Consumers must pay less heed to tickling sensations of the palate and more heed to the actual physical requirements of health and efficiency. Their purpose in eating must be less to gratify mere whims of taste and more to restore energy. Those who live merely to eat and fare sumptuously must be treated as public enemies. Those who consider the summum bonum to be found only in the capacity which foods have to satisfy taste must be outlawed. The civilized world has no room for such beasts. It has room only for those who can see beyond dinner tables, chefs and fancy dishes, and behold an earth in which all shall eat, become strong and energetic, and serve for the common good.

Also, the man of millions as well as the man of meager means must recognize the all-important fact that human life is more than meat and bread. True, meat and bread serve a purpose, an economic purpose, a tremendously significant economic purpose. Laborers can not dig ditches, mine coal or operate machines, business men can not manage business enterprises, and officials can not administer governments without food. Eats are economically imperative. It is all right to enjoy them and enjoy them fully. But food is not the end. Man's chief source of happiness is not his mouth. His chief object in living is not to turn over sweet morsels with his tongue. His chief work is not to shovel eats into his gullet as a fireman shovels coal into a furnace. Instead of meat and bread being the end, they are only means to the end. In this matter there must be no confusion. Above all, the end, not the means, is the ideal in the consumption of the world's wealth.

## CHAPTER III

### THE PEDDLERS OF EXCUSES

**T**HERE are peddlers of excuses. They are as old as the human race. With the coming of man they sprang into existence. Apart from humanity they have no meaning. It is only human beings prone to err who peddle, make or offer excuses for consideration. Their excuse-making is inherent in, or is a part of, their nature—universal human nature. A man without excuses is a monstrosity.

Though excuse peddlers as well as excuses themselves are obstacles in the pathway of progress, human reason has never been able to eradicate them. Until there is a radical change in the nature of human kind they will without doubt continue to interfere with the races of men and retard them in their struggles for higher civilizations.

The excuses peddled by the peddlers of excuses are almost as numerous as the stars. They are of as many varieties as there are males and females. There are good excuses and bad excuses, reasonable excuses and unreasonable excuses, clever excuses and awkward excuses, evasive excuses and

outspoken excuses, flimsy excuses and extenuating excuses. There are excuses for activity and excuses for inactivity, excuses for gain and excuses for loss. There are excuses for indolence, inefficiency, improvidence and unprogressiveness. There are excuses for duplicity of conduct, corrupt politics, business practices, and inequality in the distribution of wealth. Generally, there are as many types of excuses as there are types of human weaknesses.

Usually, excuses are about as far from the truth as the earth is distant from the sun. They are in no way to be compared with reasons. Reasons given in explanation of conduct or lack of conduct are perfectly legitimate and proper. They are based on truth and are always acceptable. Excuses however are not legitimate and proper, are not acceptable, and are in no wise to be confused with reasons. There is a vast difference—a regular Pacific Ocean—between them. Unlike reasons, excuses are often about ninety-three million miles from the truth. They may be characterized as “good” or “reasonable” only in so far as they are cleverly given. If there are reasons for doing or not doing a thing, and they are shown, no questions should be asked. If there are only mere excuses for doing or not doing a thing, such excuses should be swept aside as mere rubbish. Reasons, there-

fore, and not excuses must be given first place in justifying activity or the lack of activity.

This philosophy only weaklings ignore. Weaklings and weaklings only resort to excuses. Strong men are never guilty of such cowardice. Like good soldiers they offer no alibis and put forth no extenuating circumstances. If they make mistakes they abide by the results without a murmur. If they have errors in their calculations they accept the blame and, if possible, rectify such errors. If failures descend upon them they present no arguments in explanation and emit no whines about overwhelming forces arrayed against them. Profiting by their experiences they never again allow such failures, errors or mistakes to occur. Under no circumstances do they excuse themselves. Only the weak, composed of the indolent, the inefficient, the improvident and the unprogressive peddle excuses, howl about hard luck and apologize for being upon earth.

Greatest among the hosts of weakness and spinelessness as artists at trumping up or peddling out excuses and scraping around with apologies are the indolent. The indolent are the excuse fabricators extraordinary. They excuse themselves at all times from anything that looks like work. They excuse themselves from all responsibility. They excuse themselves from all duties and cares. Their

only business is the business of manufacturing excuses. Their only aptitude is the aptitude for rest. Their only mission is the mission of avoiding useful labor. Their only affection is the affection for shades, chairs and benches. Their only enthusiasm is the enthusiasm for "innocuous desuetude." Their only hope is the hope of making excuses for useless, colorless, hopeless lives, and of finding an abundant entrance into a useless, colorless and hopeless eternity.

Ranking not every far below the indolent as peddlers of excuses are the inefficient. The inefficient are constantly handing out high-sounding explanations as to their shortcomings. They can give a thousand if's as conditions precedent to their success. They can easily scare up an unfounded cause for every blunder. They declare among other things that the odds are against them, that they are forced to act when the season is not exactly right, that they do not have time to comply with the signs of the Zodiac or with the requirements of light and dark moons, that the boss is against them, that their services are not appreciated, that they would fit better in another occupation, or that too much is expected of them. They would demonstrate their peculiar fitness, but—. They would turn the world upside down, but—. They would become great business men, lawyers, doc-

tors, teachers, engineers, or statesmen, but—. In last analysis, “buts” and “dashes” with a few feeble utterances concerning their perfectly good intentions and the unpropitiousness of the gods constitute about the only account or excuse which the inefficient are able to give for themselves and their inefficient services.

Not many miles behind the inefficient as yodlers of excuses are the improvident. The improvident, made up of the shiftless and thriftless, are birds of rare excuse-vending plumage. They conjure up all sorts of defenses for their worthlessness. If they are rolling stones which gather no moss, they explain the absence of the moss by jelly-like arguments which they are at least thrifty enough to gather as they roll along. If they have no home they say it is cheaper to rent. If they have no bank account they contend that their income is so low that it is all taken in meeting their living expenses. If they have no employment they put forth the claim that work is scarce, that adequate training is lacking, that a position suitable for their talents can not be obtained, or that physical ills deter. If they dwell at all times on the edge of bankruptcy they bubble over with the contention that their business must expand, that their position must be maintained, and that their families must keep up appearances. If they come to want in old age

they plead almost anything from wilful neglect by their offspring to the chastenings of divine wrath.

On equal terms with the improvident as echoists of excuses, but of somewhat different type, are the unprogressive. The unprogressive believe outright and with all boldness in standing still. They oppose all change. They cry out against all reform. They stand unyielding against all improvements. If a new movement is started they vociferate forthwith and immediately that the thing is preposterous and impossible. If they are asked to aid or assist in a struggle for wider horizons they interpose all sorts of objections. The greatest word in their vocabulary is the word "can't." The greatest pleasure they possess is the pleasure of dampening the ardor of enthusiasts. Without debate they admit the presence of wrong in the world; but they pessimistically contend that wrong has always existed among men and will always continue to exist. Finally, as a clincher for all these stand-pat and gloomy frothings, they wind up with the immemorial argument, or the classic excuse, that it is absolutely impossible to change human nature, and since human nature is what it is, it is absolutely useless to struggle for the betterment of mankind.

Just as excuses are peddled out for unprogressiveness, improvidence, inefficiency and indolence,

so also are excuses peddled out for a double standard of conduct. Men excuse themselves for duplicity of life, yet severely condemn duplicity in woman. They are within proper bounds if they are libertines, but the women they marry must be as spotless as the falling snow. They are at liberty to dissipate and bring only a shattered remnant of life into wedlock but the woman must be without scar or blemish. Even women, though deploring this state of affairs, excuse the sweet, innocent male creatures and acquiesce either with silence or with only feeble protest. In all of this there is about as much consistency as there is in a March wind or in the color of a chameleon. If a single standard of conduct, with the same exactions upon men as upon women, is to prevail, the truth must be known, and whimpering excuses with all traffic therein must be completely eradicated.

A similar treatment must be accorded the excuses put forth in defense of corrupt politics. Here the craftiest of excuses are worked out and the most doubtful of circumstances extolled. Here excuse peddlers constitute the chief obstacle in the way to all political progress, and toil the longest and hardest. When charges of graft are made, the charges are usually dismissed with the mere statement that politics is politics, just as "pigs is pigs," and that it is impossible to eliminate all

bosses, ward heelers, misappropriations of money, and favoritisms. These evils must be endured merely as attributes or concomitants of a democratic system of government. Rascals there are in office but they are few, and even if the few that infest city halls and state houses are driven out, other rascals of worse calibre will take their places. Such excuses—public officials are always prolific excuse peddlers—are calmly accepted by the public and the poor taxpayers foot the bill. Profitable beyond measure are excuses in the world of politics.

Likewise, excuses are very valuable assets in the world of business. Here, as in politics, excuse peddlers and yodlers are exceedingly profuse in their peddling and yodling. Whenever business failures occur, the excuse mills begin immediately to grind out pabulum for public consumption. Whenever get-rich-quick-Wallingford stocks are offered to innocent investors, the excuse manufacturers work overtime. Whenever overcapitalization is resorted to in order to hide inflations or cover up surplus earnings, the excuse manipulators manipulate with the most unflagging energy. Whenever unfair practices are used in order to crush out hated rivals and to effect a combination or monopoly, the excuse producers overstock the market with their products. Whenever there is a demand for an in-

crease or decrease in wages, or an attempt to increase or decrease rates or prices, the excuse magicians burst forth with wild gyrations in justification or condemnation and exhaust all the arts of legerdemain. Truly the peddling of excuses is absolutely essential to the welfare of business men and the world of business enterprise.

Excuses are put forth, echoed or peddled, not only as an indispensable support of business methods and practices but also as an indispensable support of the unequal distribution of wealth. There are always "malefactors of wealth" excusing themselves for their ill-gotten gains. They wildly argue that the poor always want something for nothing, that they get just about what is coming to them in the way of wages, and that they are poor because they are ignorant and incapable, and choose to be poor. If the proletariat were given the wealth of the world they would be unable to keep it. They are too lazy and shiftless. The thrifty and intelligent would wrest it from them. Wealth like everything else comes to those to whom it is due. It comes to the rich because they are wise, choose to be rich, save and invest their earnings, and direct large enterprises. On account of this they are entitled to all that they receive, or to the best. Thus run the principal excuse fabrications

or mental gymnastics in support of the existing system of wealth distribution.

The peddlers of excuses, therefore, are scattered throughout the kingdom of man. Their excuse vending is a universal attribute of human nature. Unless they are eliminated and unless the excuses in which they deal so skillfully are replaced by reasons, there is little hope for the reign of truth, justice and fair play in the transactions of men.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE GOD OF CONVENTIONALITY

**C**ONVENTIONALITY is the bane of man's existence. It is the most exacting of social regulations. It is the most venerable of tyrants. It is the most autocratic of oppressors. It commands with an authority that is omnipotent. It hangs like the sword of Damocles over the heads of those who know it not, or who, knowing it, refuse to live by it. It follows mankind like an evil genius. It operates with the strictest sort of punctiliousness. It at times threatens men and women with punishment worse than the guillotine, the scaffold or the electric chair. In essence it is the embodiment of slavery, artificiality and unreasonableness.

Beyond humankind however, conventionality does not extend its blind dominion. Upon human beings only does it wreak its vengeance and press itself down as a crown of thorns. In the world of nature it is unknown. The natural order knows no convention. The world does not rotate upon its axis by custom. The stars do not twinkle according to tradition. The flowers do not bloom

because of good flowery etiquette. In the realm of nature conventionality has no place. Only in the sphere of conventionalized humanity does the god of conventionality reign supreme.

Conventionality is the basis of the institution of marriage. Marriage vows and ceremonies are the results of custom. In the main they are nothing more nor less than a part of the folkways of past generations. A couple is not bound together any more securely simply because a few words have been spoken over them by a minister or priest. If they are not married at heart, a ritualistic ceremony is worthless. If they are not divinely united, religious sanction is a mockery. If they truly love, approval by the church and the state hardly seems necessary, except as social regulation and restraint. In the animal kingdom there is no such thing as marriage. Mating, unrestrained by law or religion, is the basis of cohabitation. Only man is so vile that the conventionality of marriage is a necessity.

The tenets of conventionality occupy the center of the stage in the social whirl of the world. Social affairs such as teas, receptions, calls and other nostrums which individuals who desire to move among the "smart sets" must take, are hopelessly dominated by custom. In high social circles the god of conventionality sits in royal splendor on

his all-commanding throne. All who enter his sacred temple must worship at his feet. Especially must every debutante, every chaperone and every hostess do obeisance before him. Whenever his laws are transgressed, either by sins of omission or by sins of commission, the sinners are cast into outer darkness and there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. All who aspire to be "social climbers" must be armed to the teeth with munitions more powerful than the mightiest munitions of war.

Furthermore, all who would be victorious in their social climb upward and who would belong to the best of families must at all times dress, speak and act in good taste. A breach of social etiquette is unforgivable. Everyone must learn to differentiate between good and bad form. Those addicted to good form are usually characterized as cultured and refined. It matters little whether they have any brains or not. Those guilty of bad form are dubbed common, uncultured, or eccentric. All who would live in civilized society must be artificial and unnatural, and act as the social leaders dictate,—not as they would like to act.

Indeed the autocrats of fashion decree what sort of clothes shall be worn, what sort of hand-shakes shall be used and what sort of jewelry shall be acceptable. They pass on what sort of houses shall

be built, what sort of furniture shall be tasteful and what sort of automobiles shall be driven. They set forth what kind of conversation shall be carried on, what kind of food shall be served and what kind of amusement shall be popular. They hold sway over myriads of other artificialities from which civilized man can not escape. Whatever such autocrats ordain, the apes of society must follow. Hence all who would be civilized mortals must be fictitious mortals. There is no place for real men and real women in the social festivities of the world.

The dogma of conventionality is a conspicuous factor in the realm of economics. Custom pervades almost every phase of economic activity. There are customary wages, prices, rates, standards of living, methods of competition, rules for business conduct, and lines of goods. There are trade customs, shipping customs, market customs, and professional customs. The customary way of doing things is as prevalent in the management of the world's business as are newsboys on busy city streets. It stands out often as one of the greatest obstacles in the road to economic betterment. It is a stubborn thing to overcome. It is the basis of most of the opposition with which the scientific reformer meets. As long as custom alone determines economic conduct, the science of political economy is a miserable failure.

The doctrine of conventionality is the predominating theme in history. In a way the history of man is the history of custom. Were customs eliminated from historical studies, the historians would have to go out of business. Were traditions left out of account, the origins of races and nations would be without explanation. As a means for interpreting the past, the institutions of the people and their behavior as crystallized in their usual methods of acting are the main sources of historical information. According to such sources former generations are found to have been just about as conventional in their ways of thinking and doing as are present generations. Without custom as an explanation for the origin and development of institutions and as an interpretation of the past, the history of man's terrestrial existence is a hopeless maze, a meaningless jumble and a gross absurdity.

The worship of conventionality is the center of gravity in law. Around custom law revolves. Law started by custom, developed by custom, and stands or falls largely by custom. In adjudications, precedent, not reason, is king. In judicial decisions, similar cases, not justice, rule. With judges, what other judges have decided has a higher standing than the expressed wish of legislative bodies. Among Anglo-Saxon peoples the com-

mon law, which is nothing more nor less than a body of rules resulting from long-continued usage, is the final absolute standard with which all questions of jurisprudence must square. This blind worship of conventionality stands in the way of legislative reforms, gives rise to a judicial oligarchy, and makes it almost impossible to change constitutions and make legislative progress.

The tyrant of conventionality is the all-important figure in education. Education is secured, not by original thinking or by following the lines in which a student is most interested, but by swallowing without a quiver certain conventionalized courses prescribed by would-be educational dictators. The fundamental subjects, or main dishes, according to many intellectuals and academic formalists, are Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry. All other subjects are mere side dishes. Unless seekers after truth fill their mental stomachs with the tempting viands from the main dishes they face intellectual starvation. Utilitarian values are of little significance: they are an abomination anyway and interfere with high thinking. Cultural values are the values which men and women must have in order to survive and be happy. Cultural or conventional education, not education for service, is more or less the prime objective of the whole modern educational system.

The idol of conventionality is the chief object of adoration in religion. In the church religious pomp and ceremony have replaced religious fervor. The forms of worship have been determined, not by spiritual surges within the soul, but by tradition. Even the God of our fathers has become a traditional God. Those who worship Him must worship Him in traditional spirit and truth. In the best of churches there is no room for the poor and unfortunate classes. Welcome is not accorded them on account of their ignorance and poverty. They have not the clothes that the good taste of the church people would sanction. Only the well dressed assemble themselves together to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. No wonder the church is not meeting the need of the Twentieth Century. When the church turns from form to the true God, then will the Christian religion gain greater favor.

The god of conventionality is so entrenched in every sphere of modern society that all are compelled to render obedience to him. Men and women alike are afraid to disobey his mandates. If they have the courage to kick over the traces they are immediately ostracised. If they do not adhere strictly to the conventionality of marriage they are condemned as libertines. If they do not follow the rules of good social etiquette they are

branded as illiterates or eccentrics. If they do not support the established institutions in economics, history, law and education, they are reviled as revolutionists. If they do not accept the orthodox traditional type of religion they are damned as vile sinners.

Indeed, whether human beings will or not, they are forced to be subservient to the contemptible god of conventionality. They are slaves to senseless and outgrown customs. Only by being iconoclasts can they free themselves and rationalize conduct. Only by being social outcasts can they be real men and women. Only under the threat of social banishment can they give free expression to their personalities, develop their powers, and work out their own destinies.

## CHAPTER V

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF FITS

**T**HERE are four kinds of fits connected with the social and economic order. They are not epileptic fits or cat fits. They are not love fits or fits of jealousy. They are not "jimony" fits or fits of temper. They are not dog fits or rabies. They are not fits of mobs or social disorders. They are not religious fits or political fits. They are not pacifist fits or preparedness fits. They are not loquacious fits or vitriolic fits. They are not financial fits or financial crises. They are not even benefits, though some of them produce benefits. The four kinds of fits associated with the economic and social order are the unfits, the misfits, the counterfeits and the plain fits.

Paramount among the fits, from the standpoint of social and economic loss, are the unfits. Unfits there are in abundance in every rural community, every village, every large town and every great city, as well as in every business organization, office, enterprise and activity. There are the physically unfit, such as the congenitally deformed and diseased persons, and persons incapacitated by

dissipation, environment, accident and war. There are the mentally unfit, such as the feeble-minded, the semi-idiots and totally insane persons, and persons disqualified by prejudice, narrowness and bigotry. There the politically unfit, such as anarchists and radically inclined persons, and persons incapable of understanding the need of government and the necessity of governmental restraint. There are the educationally unfit, such as illiterates and hopelessly ignorant persons, and persons devoid of all rational processes.

But these are not the only unfits. There are also the socially unfit, such as criminals, highwaymen, swindlers and vicious persons, and persons deprived of all sense of responsibility. There are the industrially unfit, such as "we-wont work" individuals, "unemployables," short-sighted enterprisers, price manipulators and positively dishonest persons, and persons incapable of business integrity, high-minded business action, commercial farsightedness and sound trade judgments. All of these, whether the physically or the mentally unfit, the politically or the educationally unfit, the industrially or the socially unfit, are economic and social detriments, not economic and social aids.

If the unfits are economic and social losses what action shall be taken concerning them? Shall they be mercilessly rooted out of human society? For

the majority of them there is but one answer, and that answer is unanimously in the affirmative. However, for the physical and educational unfits and a part of the mental unfits a different answer must be given. They are not to be cut off and that without remedy. Instead, they arouse the sympathy of all thinking men and women, and institutions should be provided in which to keep them, teach them and give them treatment. While there are few permanent cures for them except for the educational unfits, they are not to be utterly cast out. Unfit goods are dumped upon the scrap heap; but such action is hardly justifiable concerning human goods. Primitive man let the survival of the fittest take its course; but modern man aids the unfortunate in every way possible. While assistance should be rendered wherever needed, none would argue that the physical, mental or even the educational unfits should be allowed to reproduce themselves and contaminate the coming generations.

In close relation to the unfits are the misfits. Almost everywhere there are large numbers of the misfits. There are misfits by birth, by accident, by education and by environment. There are misfits in the various professions, in the occupation of farming and in the ministry. There are misfits in banks, in railway offices, in brokerage firms, in

publishing houses, in chambers of commerce, in shipping companies and in manufacturing plants. There are misfits in the form of fault finders, knockers, grouches, pessimists, crepe hangers, misanthropes and apostles of despair. There are even misfit clothing stores.

Indeed the misfits wherever found are a peculiar lot. They may be misfits because they are too little or because they are too big, because they are too intelligent or because they are too ignorant, because they are too urban or because they are too rural, because they are too energetic or because they are too indolent, because they are too rich or because they are too poor, or finally because they are too capitalistic or because they are too socialistic. Verily misfits are odd lobsters, and unprofitable adjuncts in a world that strives to eliminate waste and attain the highest degree of efficiency.

Hence, like most of the unfits, the misfits must go. Unless they can have the rough corners knocked off, or unless they can be whittled down or padded up so that they fit snugly into the positions which they occupy, there is no place for them among civilized men. Unless the psychological experts and devotees of vocational guidance can remake them to order and in the future cut all of them in strict accordance with occupational pat-

terns, they must be exterminated as pests. Unless they can conform to the industrial, social and political scheme of things, or unless they can "shatter it to bits and mold it nearer to the heart's desire," they must be exiled to the islands of oblivion. Absolutely under no conditions are the detestable beasts to reproduce their species and shackle the world with their progeny.

Worse perhaps than both the misfits and the unfits are the counterfeits. The misfits and the unfits are at least genuine and are entities. The counterfeits are not so: they are artificial and are nonentities. They look real but they are deceptive. They are like counterfeit coins. And just as there is a vast difference between real dollars and counterfeit dollars, so there is a vast difference between real persons and counterfeit persons.

In spite of this difference, however, there are counterfeits galore. There are counterfeit statesmen, physicians, lawyers, farmers, teachers, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, labor leaders, patriots, salesmen, and even ministers. There are counterfeit houses, roads, goods, books, jewels, cars, merchandise, stocks, bonds, newspapers, orations, and even sermons. There are counterfeit nations, alliances, wars, diplomats, and even peace conferences. Without doubt the counterfeits are as multitudinous as the stars, as pernicious as rot-

ten politics, as subtle as serpents, and as despicable as Huns.

Whether the counterfeits are found in the industrial realm or in the social realm, in a religious atmosphere or in a secular atmosphere, in national garb or in international garb, they must be detected and inhibited. Just as counterfeiters of money are outlawed and punished, so must counterfeiters in other realms be outlawed and punished. Just as counterfeit coins and bills are denied free circulation with real coins and bills, so must counterfeit persons be denied free circulation with real persons. What humanity needs is not commercial, political, educational and religious shams, but commercial, political, educational and religious realities. What the international future portends is not international hypocrisies, intrigues, territorial aggressions, secret treaties and *Mittel Europas*, but international openness, justice, freedom and peace.

In transcendent superiority to the unfits, misfits and counterfeits are the plain fits. They and they alone are the true workers of the world. They are the modern giants and are as genuine as pure gold. They fit into their places and do whatever they are called upon to do. Whatever their hands find to do that is useful they do it with all their might. They are found in business organizations,

in governments, in the practice of law and medicine, in schools, in armies, in navies, in homes, in labor unions, in export houses, in social settlements, in scientific investigations, in peace parleys, and in leagues of nations. At all times they are defenders of the right, carriers of the banners of justice, and toilers for the common good of man.

The plain fits are the world's producers. They bring forth the raw materials from the farms, the mines, the forests, the rivers and the seas. They turn out the finished goods from the factories, the mills, the shops and the founderies. They run the wagons, the trucks, the locomotives and the ships with which to supply the necessities and comforts of life to the uttermost ends of the earth. They construct the public buildings, the warehouses, the elevators, the manufacturing plants, the retail stores and the skyscrapers with which to carry on trade and commerce. They shape the metals, cut the stones, plane the lumber, and operate the machines by which man makes progress and advances in his conquest over nature. In fact they constitute the axis upon which the whole world of production rotates.

The plain fits are also the nation's true citizens. They shirk no responsibilities. They give their full measure of devotion to the flag. They dodge no honestly assessed taxes, no local, state or na-

tional duties, and no demands that are in the interests of the whole people. They are absolute supporters of law and order. While they welcome all changes for the better, still they are not carried away by every new doctrine or theory that comes along. When they are convinced that there are defects in the existing order and when they are sure that they are right in trying to remove them, they go ahead regardless of hazards, costs or sacrifices. They are neither mossback conservatives nor redhot radicals, but are rather sane middle-grounders following a safe and certain course of advancement. They stand against the tyranny of an autocratic minority and for the rights and rule of an intelligent majority. To them the public interest is at all times paramount. In them lies the destiny of the whole nation.

Moreover, the plain fits never complain. If their jobs are not right they make them right. If their environments are not suitable they make them suitable. If a vice crusade is necessary they start it and fight it to a finish. If city halls need political ventilation, they ventilate. If national resources need development, they develop them. If new industries are desirable they institute them and make them succeed. If attractive foreign markets are to be discovered, they discover them. If improved facilities for railway and ocean trans-

portation are imperative, they provide them. If wars against arbitrary might and power must be waged, they wage them and wage them without desire for personal gain. If government loans must be floated, they float them. In short, the plain fits are the drive wheels in the whole mechanism of human society.

Out of the four classes of fits, then, the unfits, the misfits and the counterfeits are unworthy of perpetuation. Only the plain fits are desirable. Whenever the unfits, misfits and counterfeits can be transformed into plain fits, such transformation is much to be desired. Otherwise, with the exception of teaching the educational unfits and giving aid and comfort to the physical and a few of the mental unfits, the unfits, the misfits and the counterfeits are to be thrown out, deported, or in some way disposed of. In their stead the plain fits must be given ascendancy. Upon them and upon them alone rests the salvation of the whole human race.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE VARIOUS KINDS OF FREAKS

**T**HE abode of man is afflicted with freaks. Though not existing in large proportions, they are all too abundant for profitable purposes. They greatly militate against the greatest good to the greatest numbers. They are completely out of harmony and out of step with the best interests of the whole. They are hopelessly at variance with social ends. They are drawbacks, burdens and shackles to world betterment. They are Gibralters of opposition, "mountains of wearisome heights," and deserts of despair to the establishment of a better order of things. Of all earth's accoutrements, they are the most unprofitable, the most peculiar, the most phenomenal and the most unnatural.

The origin of freaks is a profound mystery. How they came to be is a puzzle of puzzles. Of what elements they are composed is beyond chemical analysis. The why of their structure is more or less a baffle to scientists. Some of them are simply born freaks, or are the result of accident and bits of by-play on the part of nature; some

acquire freakishness or come into being by conscious self-development; while some have freakishness thrust upon them, or are the victims of circumstances. In whatever way they came into existence, they are simply freaks and nothing but freaks. They can no more change their nature than a leopard can change his spots or an Ethiopian his color. Right there their case rests with all finality.

There are several kinds of freaks to which the earth has given birth. First of all there are biological freaks. Biologically there are freak calves, dogs, pigs, and horses. There are freak animals of the plains and freak beasts of the jungle. There are freak plants,—trees, vegetables and flowers. There are freak babies, freak men and freak women. All of these, whether among plants or among animals, are freaks with regard to structure. They are structural mistakes or errors. They are morphologically irregular, off-side, out of order. They are simply physiological abnormalities and variations from type, and are in a class all to themselves.

There are masculine freaks. None would deny their existence. They are constantly bustling about. In almost every place they may be seen moving hither and thither. They are freaks, not with regard to form or physique, but only with re-

gard to habit and conduct. Their chief characteristics are semi-idiocy, peculiarity in thought, speech and action, the faculty of making colossal mistakes, and frequent resorts to assininity in general. They look like rational creatures but looks are only skin deep. They possess normal bodies, but normal bodies sometimes contain worthless souls. They are just the stupid simpletons and incorrigible blunderers of the world roving around outside of asylums, thinking themselves somebody when they are not, and constantly disturbing the peace and happiness of those who try to uphold sanity and exemplify rationality. Indeed masculine freaks are intolerable burdens on society.

There are feminine freaks. Of all freaks they are possibly the most freakish. They are not freaks by inheritance, wealth, beauty or social position. They are not freaks even by social condemnation or disapproval. They are freaks because they cannot avoid being freaks, because they are instinctively driven to freakishness, or because they think freakishness is desirable and attractive. They just adore playing enigmatic roles. They have ravenous appetites for keeping mere men guessing. They are gormandizers of that which is different or that which makes them stand out distinctly from other women. They glory in the wiles with which they attract or rope in their

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male opposites. They make use of various kinds of would-be witchery in order to turn the heads and upset the hearts of masculine weaklings. They chatter about anything and everything with about as much common sense as a jay bird. Their lack of connection between the tongue and the brain, if they have any brains, is responsible for the popular dictum "nobody home." Truly feminine freaks are the most freakish of freaks.

There are fashion or sartorial freaks. They know little of the art of dressing. They have little or no acquaintanceship with good taste. They choose the oldest as well as the most stylish of clothes. They wear the most gaudy as well as the most sombre of colors. They cover their bodies with the cleanest as well as the filthiest of raiment. They patronize the most expensive as well as the most inexpensive of tailors, or no tailors at all. Among them are numbered the society fops, "dandies," vampires, and society belles, as well as sloven scrub women, untidy cooks, cheap chorus girls, brainless dance hall habitues, conspirators against harmonious colors, and total pressing shop abstainers. All of these should have administered to them wisely and in large and frequent doses a sound philosophy of the origin, evolution and purpose of clothes.

There are intellectual freaks. They just dote

on intellectuality. They feed upon it. They see nothing else. They forget to eat, keep appointments, pay bills, dress properly, and attend to their families. They never look outside of books. They are earth's bookworms, bibliomaniacs, and hoarders of knowledge. They ignore all things material. They live solely in the realm of the mind. Beyond libraries they never go. They know about as much about the big busy world of facts as a chimpanzee knows about the Aurora Borealis. They have about as much interest in human affairs as a grasshopper has in astronomy. They are about as productive of tangible results as an Egyptian mummy. They are about as useful to the world as a thousand legs would be to a bulldog. Hence all praise to the intellectual freaks. manifold are the useless blessings which they bestow upon mankind.

There are musical freaks. They exist either in order to create harmony or to absorb harmony. To them all the rest of the world is dross. Whether composers or absorbers, vocalists or instrumentalists, they rave about sound waves, stirring strains, heights of sublimity, the singing together of the morning stars, and the music of the spheres. Among them the creators of music are especially peculiar. They are frequently characterized by long hair, odd apparel, temperaments and general

conspicuousness. They are not naturally given to idiosyncrasies, but musical traditions must be maintained. To add insult to injury they are petted, pampered and encouraged in their caprices by those who consume their commodities. While there is no kick upon the goods which these whimsical animals produce, yet there are a few who would like to have their music, good music, even the best of music, with less frills and foibles.

There are theological freaks. They pervade the whole realm of religion. They are the dictatorial dogmatists who arrogate to themselves the right to be omnipotent interpreters of all things spiritual. They are "the wise old owls sitting on the dead limb of knowledge hooting the same old hoots that have been hooted" for almost two thousand years. They are "the Holy Rollers," "the Holy Jumpers," the divine healers, the seers of visions, the recipients of supernatural gifts. They are the supreme upholders of the faith, the standard bearers of all light. They are the religious meddlers who deem it their most sacred duty to arraign the doubters, the sinners and the materialists with the bitterest invectives. They are absolute strangers to practical service. Their way is the way of "piosity." They suffer man's sojourn here below, not to make the world better and nobler but to discipline their souls and prepare

themselves for the life to come. Too good, too holy, and too saintly are they for the sinful mortals, the baffling problems and the irrepressible conflicts of the earth.

There are nervous freaks. They are the most agitated of freaks. They labor under great nervous tension. They are likely to go to pieces at the slightest noise. They are high strung, super-sensitive, easily overwrought. In action they closely resemble jumping jacks. They cannot be still. They walk the floor, they throw their arms, they twist their fingers. To them children are a terror, waiting is an outrage, criticism is a horror, and interference is a fatal provocation. They are devoid of all self-control. If their wishes are thwarted in any way they lose their temper, they fly into a rage, they become hysterical. They are the natural results of the growing complexities of modern life. They have arisen with the increasing push and excitement of an advancing civilization, and have developed a brand new, up-to-date, more or less distinctively American disease of the nervous system known as neurasthenia. Undoubtedly, freaks of the neurotic color or fiber are pitiable spectacles and are in a bad way.

There are industrial freaks. Chief among them are financial panics, such freaks being not permanent financial ailments but rather temporary

financial abnormalities. Also there are freak enterprises, promoters and corporations. There are freak business men, bank failures and investments. There are freak contracts, discriminations and methods of doing business. There are freaks in the rise and fall of market prices, in speculations on stock exchanges and in reorganizations and receiverships. There are freak industrial accidents, labor leaders, and theories concerning industrial ownership and operations. Finally, there are industrial freaks known as radicals, bolshevists, reds, revolutionists, ad finitum.

Lastly, there are freaks among the nations. There are freak nationalities, national customs and traditions, and national characteristics. There are freaks as dreamers of world dominion and schemers against the international order. There are freaks as disturbers of international peace and as enemies to international stability. There are freaks as fomenters of internal strife, and instigators of border raids and depredations. There are freaks as racial survivors and worshippers of ancestry. There are freaks as originators of sovietism and contenders for world-wide proletarianism. There are freaks as international braggarts and hot air specialists. Without question there are freaks in the midst of the family of nations.

All hail therefore to the world's freaks and

monstrosities. Whether biological or masculine, feminine or sartorial, intellectual or musical, theological or neurotic, industrial or international, they are earth's most fruitless, eccentric and miraculous offspring.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WHY OF TOBACCO

**T**HOSE who use tobacco like it. If they did not like it, in all probability they would not use it. True, their taste for it has been cultivated or acquired. Instinct played no part in the matter. They did not take to the stuff as a duck takes to water. They did not come into the world with the habit in full bloom. They had to learn it, and oftentimes the learning was at the expense of nausea and disquietude of the stomach. But whether they learned the habit with ease or with difficulty, the important thing to remember is that they learned it. They simply have a liking for the weed: and if they like it none should through prejudice deny them the pleasure of its enjoyment.

Tobacco has been wilfully and maliciously slandered. Many there are who have pronounced a curse upon it. They have ranked it more or less as a twin evil with booze; and since booze has gone they insist that tobacco likewise must go. They seem to think that tobacco was concocted by the imps of hell and shoved upon the world as a baneful in-

fluence upon humanity. They talk as though it were to be shunned as a rattlesnake or a deadly poison. They rave about shattered nerves, weak hearts, cancerous lips, poisoned stomachs and befogged brains. They attribute numerous ills to its effects upon the physical organism. Their whole attack is an attack bristling with malice, slander and unjustifiable reproach. It is high time that such an attack were repulsed. Too long has the nicotine god been assailed, cursed and condemned. He is outraged; his anger must be appeased. His devotees must come to his support and glorify his name, his purpose and his soothing power.

That tobacco has its harmful effects upon the body may be true. Its calumniators may be right in all they claim; yet its supporters like it. Their bodies seem to build up an antitoxin to counteract its evil influence. Old men there are in abundance who have been addicted to its use for decades, and yet they are healthy and blessed with longevity. They have worshipped unceasingly at the tobacco shrine, yet they are free from tobacco curses. Therefore praise ye the weed, ye defamers of its effects upon man. Cease your harangues against its use and possession. Those who like it perhaps represent the survival of the fittest, and will continue to embrace it, praise it and enjoy it.

Tobacco is a filthy weed,  
I like it,  
It satisfies no normal need,  
I like it.  
It makes you fat, it makes you lean,  
It takes the hair right off your bean,  
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,  
I like it.

While tobacco may be characterized by its opponents as a filthy weed, such characterization is hardly fair. Tobacco is not a filthy weed. Nature does not grow filthy weeds. Even the stagnant lake grows water lilies. Weeds once thought to be filthy and worthless have been found to be beneficial. By experimentation with them medicinal qualities have been discovered which help to repel disease and perpetuate the species. Even poisonous weeds used properly are life savers. Filth is not thrust upon human beings in the form of tobacco. The origin and exhibition of filth lies not in tobacco but in man.

Tobacco is a stinking weed,  
I like it.  
A goat upon it will not feed,  
I like it.  
It makes you shake, it makes you quake,  
It makes you have an awful ache,  
It's the worst darn stuff I ever take,  
I like it.

Tobacco, however, is not a stinking weed. It is a stench only in the nostrils of those who villify it.

It has a sweet-smelling savor for those who love it. It produces pleasant dreams—pipe dreams. It arouses memories of past friends and places. It recalls dinners in cafes where discontented and whimsical pleasure seekers congregated for amusement. It recalls banquets, journeys across the country in smoking cars, and interesting conversations where smoke, sweet tobacco smoke, was the evidence of good cheer and fellowship. It recalls comfort kits and life in the trenches. It recalls old women of Kentucky and Tennessee sitting by the fireplace smoking their old clay pipes. It recalls the toilers in the tobacco factories and the all-the-year-around labor of the tobacco growers. Truly, the fumes of tobacco bring back myriads of memories. It is a stinking weed only to those who despise it. Its smell is as welcome as the fragrance of the lily to those who are devoted to it.

Tobacco is not a twin evil with intoxicants. There is little or no comparison between them. Tobacco affects only the individual man, while liquor affects not only the individual man but also his family and society. Tobacco does not produce want and misery, while liquor produces both, and often produces them in their most shameful form. Tobacco does not make a fool of a man, while liquor does make a fool of him and a big fool at

that. Tobacco does not send people to insane asylums, while liquor does send them there, and often as complete physical wrecks. Tobacco does not cause a man to beat his wife, while liquor does sometimes cause him to beat her and beat her unmercifully. Tobacco does not fill jails and prisons with its followers, while liquor has been the principal contributor to the establishment and maintenance of the whole penal system. Tobacco does cost money, but it does not actuate a man to blow his whole week's wages on Saturday night at cigar stores. Tobacco therefore is not an evil of the same magnitude as booze, and those who allege that it is are guilty of shallowness, ignorance and error.

Tobacco is a promoter of contentment. It opens the door to a world of joy and sunshine. It induces a quiet and repose that is immeasurable. It is the pleasantest weed in the weed kingdom.

Tobacco is a pleasant weed,  
I like it.  
It soothes your nerves if it you'll heed,  
I like it.  
It makes you sad, it makes you glad,  
It drives away all fear of bad,  
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever had,  
I like it.

Tobacco is a pleasant and not an unpleasant weed. It calms the nerves, smoothes the ruffled

feelings, and stimulates the mind. It drives out despondency and gloom, provides companionship, and brings about the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions. Foolish beyond measure are they who would prohibit the privilege of its peaceful and seductive influence.

Tobacco is a commodity of great economic value. Millions of dollars' worth of it are brought forth every year. To prohibit its growth, manufacture and sale would destroy an industry of huge proportions. It would necessitate the shifting of much capital. Tobacco warehouses would have to be scrapped or used for other purposes. Tobacco growers would have to substitute other crops and practically re-learn the art of farming. Thousands of tobacco tenants would be forced to become mere farm hands and lose their chance of becoming land owners. Those who have bought land and are depending upon the cultivation of tobacco to pay for it would face the question of bankruptcy. Land values would decrease since in tobacco states they rise and fall with the rise and fall of the price of tobacco. A big source of revenue would be cut off. In fact, if tobacco prohibition were to become an actuality, the results would be destructive almost beyond calculation.

Tobacco is a luxury, not a necessity. While the land upon which it is grown might be used to pro-

duce necessities, yet the area cultivated is so small in proportion to the total area of the earth that it is practically negligible. Even were all tobacco lands utilized for growing food products there would probably be no appreciable effect on the world's total food supply. In all likelihood, more quantity with regard to value can be secured per acre from tobacco than from any other agricultural commodity. While tobacco is a luxury, it is a luxury that pays its producers well and at the same time takes up very little of the earth's land area.

Moreover, tobacco is a luxury for the poor man as well as for the rich man. Unlike most luxuries, it is in reach of all regardless of wealth. It is no respecter of persons. It finds its way into the hovel as well as into the palace. It takes up its abode in overalls as well as in broadcloth. It is consumed by common citizens as well as by presidents, by peasants as well as by kings. It is a companion of the laborer as well as of the capitalist. It occupies a prominent position at the meetings of employees as well as of employers. Indeed, it is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, a comfort that is almost indispensable, and a luxury that is common to all men.

Furthermore, both the growing and the manufacturing of tobacco are productive industries.

There is nothing parasitic about them. The goods which they create have utility. They are goods that have the capacity to gratify human wants and if industries produce goods which gratify human wants they can in no wise be characterized as unproductive. On that score there is no dispute among economists. Only enterprises turning out neither commodities nor services for the satisfaction of wants are unproductive. When industries produce time, place, form and possession utilities, no question is raised concerning their utility. Proof is hardly needed to demonstrate that the whole business of cultivating and manufacturing tobacco creates at least a form utility, and therefore comes within the category of productive industries.

Tobacco, then, justifies its existence by its utility. Its consumption brings pleasure, a great deal of pleasure, to mankind. While its opponents may attack it as a filthy, harmful, stinking weed, yet its proponents like it, worship it, and find it a very present help in time of trouble. That is their only justification for its possession, use and enjoyment. That and that alone is the why of tobacco.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE COSTS OF WAITING

**T**HE inhabitants of the earth are born to wait. Before they make their advent into the world, they have to wait for their parents to decide to give them birth. When they make their first appearance they have to wait to be clothed. As children they have to wait to be fed. As youths they have to wait to be educated. As young men and young women they have to wait to be installed into a business or a profession, or into a kitchen or a home. As old men and old women they have to wait to die. Waiting is the lot of all human beings. Throughout life's cycle stand men and women,—abject creatures in waiting.

Indeed men and women spend most of their earthly existence in waiting. They wait for meals, trains, street cars, and taxicabs. They wait for elevators, for parades and for bands and orchestras to play. They wait for mail, newspapers and telegrams. They wait for doctors, lawyers and dentists. They wait for rain, for sunshine and for darkness. They wait for stores, banks and business houses to open. They wait for telephone con-

nections, for church to begin and for women to dress. They wait their turn at barber shops, ticket windows and important gatherings. They wait for reforms to come and for political conditions to change. They wait for improvements in health, in business, in government and in nations. They wait for tips on the stock market, for opportunities to achieve success, and for the realization of millennial dreams.

Such waiting is at tremendous costs. It results in great loss. In fact such loss or such prodigality in the use of time is alarming. For each individual there are only twenty-four hours of time each day. If the time passed in sleep and recreation is added to the time expended in waiting, there is little left for serious labors. Often there is complaint of the long hours that men and women are forced to toil. Such complaint is based on error. Those who work, whether by hand or by brain, do not actually labor long hours. If the hours consumed in waiting each day be deducted from the total number of hours worked, there would be little argument for eight-hour laws. Not long hours actually worked, but long minutes stretching out into hours actually waited is the real problem. That is the real trouble with industry and with the world. It is not man's duty so much to reduce the number of hours actually labored as to reduce

the number of hours uselessly consumed in delay in waiting.

So pronounced is waiting as an attribute of modern life that it has been duplicated in many instances for man's special benefit. For sharing the misery of those who are forced to wait, and for lightening their burdens as much as possible, special persons and contrivances have been provided. As examples of this, there are waiters in fashionable cafes, restaurants and chop suey houses. There are waiters in lunch rooms, soup kitchens and railway diners. There are waiters in the form of butlers, footmen, chamber maids and porters. There are waiters in the form of clerks, attendants and cashiers. There are waiting rooms in office buildings, department stores and railway stations. It is not enough for mortals to have to wait: waiting specialists have been furnished to wait with them or to wait on them, and luxurious places have been prepared in which to while away the tedious hours of waiting.

All of these things which are allied with the phenomenon of waiting are costly. Not only must individuals pay for waiting by discomfort and loss of time, but also they must pay for the machinery by which waiting is made more agreeable and less burdensome. Those who serve at hotels, dining rooms, stores, banks, libraries and such

places must receive wages. These wages are provided ultimately by those who are served. There are times even when tips must be added to get any service at all. Also, those who use waiting room facilities must pay a return on the capital invested in such facilities by paying increased prices and fares. Hence, while the sting, impatience and agitation of waiting has been somewhat relieved, yet the total costs of waiting in money, time and sacrifice have been actually more or less increased, and man is worse off than before.

Another cost of waiting, though widely different, involves the idea of interest payment. The idea is advanced that those who save capital and invest it sacrifice present for future wants, and postpone the consumption of the fruits of their toil. As a result they wait for a future time in which to use that which they have produced. This necessitates abstinence, sacrifice and pain, since immediate consumption is more desirable than future consumption. To compensate those who wait and sacrifice present for future wants, interest is paid. While this is not the only justification for the payment of interest on capital, it is at least one of the big reasons for such payment and represent a part of the total costs of waiting. In a word the theory simply shows that the accumulation of capital goods with which to run the in-

dustries of the world depends upon waiting, and this waiting like all other waiting costs something.

For ages the world waited for civilization. According to the theory of evolution, thousands of prehistoric centuries passed before Mother Nature gave birth to man. Thousands of centuries more passed before man became enlightened, intelligent and rational. Through these long periods of waiting modern improvements were unknown. Only after cycles of laborious struggle did machinery appear. Then a multiplicity of modern inventions were ushered in, and man's life became resplendent with dignity, beauty and glory. The earth and the fulness thereof was transformed from a desert inhabited by savage tribes to a possible garden of roses inhabited by brothers. Truly, for long ages the world has waited, fretted and sweated for civilization. But it has not waited, fretted and sweated in vain. Civilization has come. While it is still harassed and held back by wars and rumors of wars, such are only the growing pains of youth. After another prolonged period of waiting the age of universal peace will dawn.

But civilization for which man waited so long is not an unmixed blessing. With it has come capitalistic production and all of its attendant evils. The masses of humanity must still wait for the eradication of these evils and for the time when

the yoke of industrial oppression will be thrown off. They must wait, and if some employers had their way, wait for a long time without murmur for the establishment of industrial as well as political democracy. They must wait but labor while they wait for the actual democratization of industry and for a voice in the management of industrial as well as political affairs. They must wait, but while waiting they must fight bloodlessly with all their might for the industrial as well as the political ballot. It may be that the last long wait of mankind is for the coming of economic liberties, the working out of equal economic opportunities and the application of democratic principles to all human activities.

Often, however, human beings wait and nothing comes. They wait for success and the stubborn mistress eludes them. They work hard and wait for wealth and die as paupers. They wait for the appreciation of their efforts but are doomed to disappointment. They wait for the adoption of their reforms but their reforms fall flat. They wait for a golden opportunity to strike a world blow that will demonstrate their genius but the opportunity never comes. They wait for justice but are given injustice. They wait for love but receive hate. They wait to behold beauty but behold ugliness. They wait for bread but are

given stones. They wait for their children to bless them but their children are profligate and curse them. They wait for the flowers to bloom but the worms eat out the flowers' buds. They wait for a restoration of health but they die. Often, all too often, men and women wait but nothing comes.

In waiting there are two alternatives. One can wait patiently or one can wait impatiently. The former is hard: the latter is easy. Anyone can be impatient: only genuine men and women can be patient. While waiting impatiently for what one thinks he deserves, it is easy to rave against the cruelty of fate. This is the first resort of grumblers. But those who calmly accept their lot and "wait, meekly wait and murmur not" are gods in the making. Impatience is their last resort. If they are impatient at all it is a righteous impatience expressed because of unjust delay. All who would truly live must shun impatience and learn the difficult lesson of patience. They must toil on without murmur to the end. If the end is disappointing or indicates ruin still they are to hold up their heads, abide by the consequences, try again, and even endeavor to turn their failures into successes.

Generally, if those who are compelled to wait pass patiently through the period of waiting they find joy. When the waiting time is over and

there comes a turn in the tide of their affairs, they are happy beyond description. It is impossible to measure the genuine delight that flows into their hearts from the first knowledge of success after long and strenuous toil. Thrice blessed are they when the clouds of delay begin to scatter and the sunlight of a new day dawns. Sublime indeed is the thrill that passes through them from the realization of their dreams after they have hoped almost against hope for many weary hours, days, months or years. Indeed they are like new creatures. They behold new visions. A new light is shed upon their pathway. Their world is a world of smiles. They can tackle earth's hardest jobs with renewed energy and courage. They stand at the supreme moment in their upward struggle for higher atmospheres.

Waiting, then, is the lot of all human beings. It costs the world millions of dollars annually. It costs also in the loss of time, discomfiture and painful agitation. Its elimination all together, or at least a reduction in its costs, is the problem of problems for world solution. When it is reduced to a minimum, or when it ceases to exist entirely, then will the world have thrown off one of its worst obstacles. Then will the world be able to attain the maximum of efficiency.









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